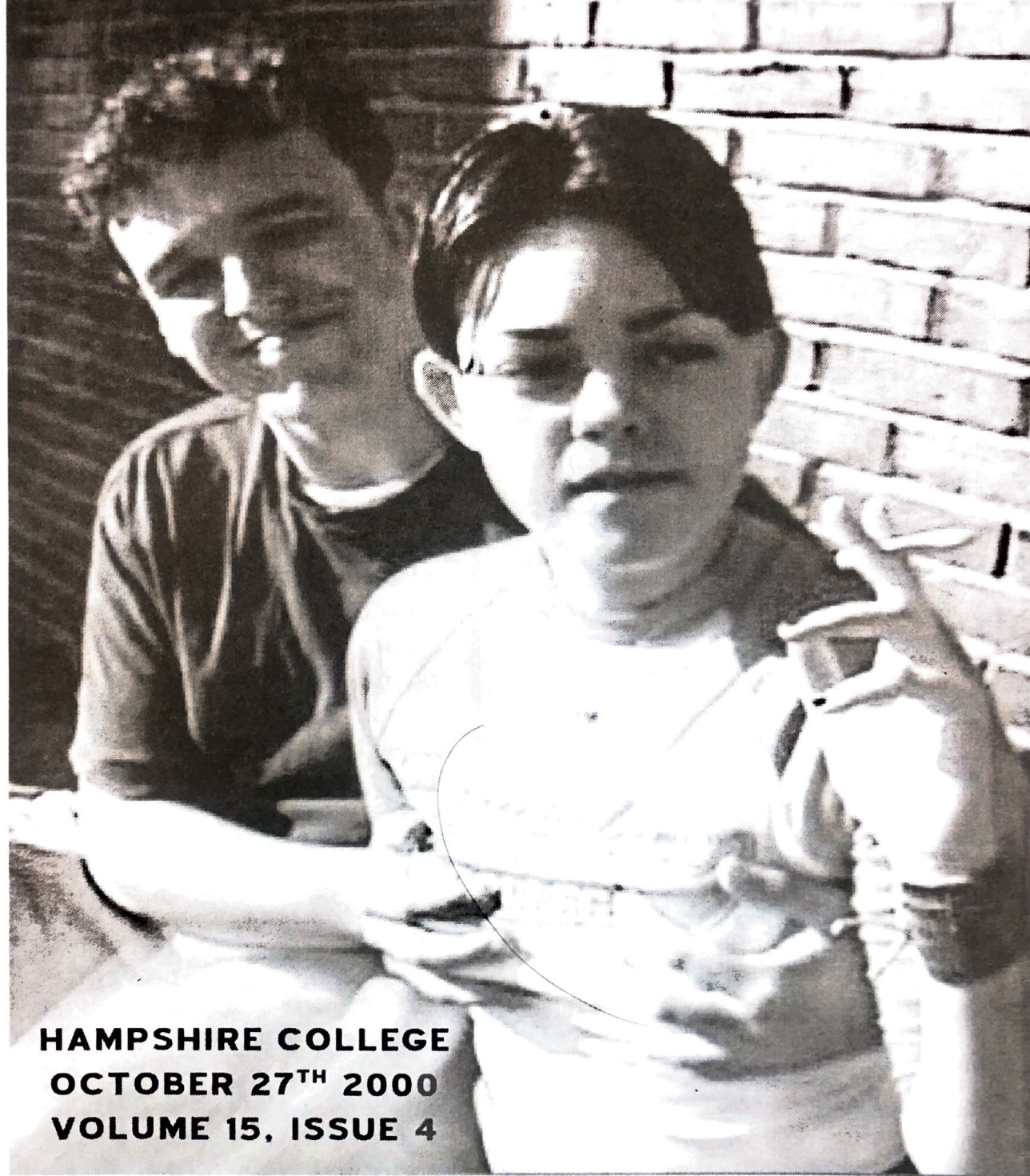


# THE OMEN

**NOW IT'S IN COLOR!**



**HAMPSHIRE COLLEGE  
OCTOBER 27<sup>TH</sup> 2000  
VOLUME 15, ISSUE 4**





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# omen

VOLUME 15, NUMBER 4  
OCTOBER 27TH, 2000  
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J Wilder Konschak	Spontaneous Combustion
Gabriel McKee	Defenestration
Michael Zole	Objectification
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THEY'RE OUR  
FRIENDS! THEY  
CAN'T HAVE THEM!  
WE HAD DIBS!

QUOTE ATTRIBUTED TO  
J WILDER KONSCHAK

## to submit

Submissions are due **Thursdays** before midnight. You can submit by diskette (Mac or IBM) in rich text or plain text format, and typed hard copies will also be accepted, reluctantly. Label your disks well and they will get back to you. Get your stuff to Michael Benni Pierce: **Greenwich 22A, Box 916, x2419**. You may also use e-mail (but please do not use attachments). Send plain text e-mail to [mpierce@hampshire.edu](mailto:mpierce@hampshire.edu). Finally, you may also drop documents in the WilderWorks Omen Folder on the CampusNet IBM Network.

And be sure to read our policy box at the bottom of the next page before submitting.

## FROM THE EDITOR



**S**o I'm sitting in Saga the other day, eating a well-balanced lunch of refried beans and grilled cheese, when this first year comes over to my table and asks if he can sit down with me.

I study his perky little first year spirit, including the small bit of anxiety he's feeling from asking me. Then, I say, "Sure. Have a seat." He does.

Either relieved or more nervous than before, he begins to quickly devour his lunch. Pizza. Greasy. With pepperoni. Having finished mine almost completely, I start a conversation with him.

"What's your name?"

"Arnold. Yours?"

"Benni."

"Betty?"

"No. Benni." For some reason everyone thinks I say Betty.

"Oh." A bit of sauce drops from his slice.

"New here?" I begin again.

"Yeah. I'm a first year here, but I transferred from Bowling Greene University."

"Was it nice there?"

"Yeah. But it didn't have what I wanted to study."

"And that was?"

"Gardening as a Full Contact Sport."

"Really? You're just making this up ..."

"No, seriously." He stops chewing for a minute.

"Wait. Are you Benni Pierce?"

"Yes I am. Why do you ask?"

"No shit. I've been meaning to talk to you about stuff." Whenever anyone references stuff, you know that it can't be good.

"Oh yeah, like what?"

"First of all, the *Forward*. What's up with that? I mean, for example, why do they print 1500 issues when there's less than that many students going here? Most of them only end up getting thrown away anyway. Couldn't that money from the Student Activities Fee go elsewhere?"

"Umm ..."

"And what about that huge staff they have? There's got to be like nine or ten people on that staff, and they all get paid to ... to do what? Layout is tough, but only two people do layout. What do the rest do? Look on the internet for things to reprint? No one should get paid for that - unless the whole campus got paid for it, cause everybody does it."

"Yeah ..."

"And another thing. That guy who wrote that Men's Soccer article - isn't he on the men's soccer team? Does that count as an objective reporter's view on the matter? Cause I would sure think that that would kind of be like taking a bribe almost ..."

"You're full of ideas Arnold. Why don't you run for Community Council?"

"Don't start with me and Community Council. Now that the election period is over with, I can only hope that someone will be in the office every once and a while. And as for meetings, good lord I hope that there will be some meetings. I went to a COCD meeting, and it was postponed, and then I went to a FiCOM meeting and that too was postponed, as least, I think so."

"Not surprising. Get used to it."

"But Benni, may I call you Benni?"

"Whatever." This guy was beginning to bug me.

"Why don't people just face the music and

## policy

The *Omen* is Hampshire's bi-weekly Free Speech Magazine, established by Stephanie A. Cole in December of 1992. In the past, submissions have included students' perspectives on the campus, administration, news, movie reviews, commentary, hate rants, short fiction, satire, first born, artwork, comics, and the occasional embarrassing self-promotion. Everything the *Omen* receives will be published unless it is deemed libelous or defamatory. Libel will be considered clearly false or unsupportable writing that maliciously damages a person's reputation. Writing that falls under this category is just not an option in this forum.

The *Omen* will also not edit anything you write (except in cases of spelling and grammar), as long as you are willing

to be completely responsible for what you say. You must sign your real name (no anonymous submissions) and understand that whatever you give us to publish you must stand behind. Views of contributors do not necessarily reflect those of the *Omen* staff writers.

Every Tuesday following the release of an issue is the official *Omen* meeting in the Airport Lounge at 9PM. We will discuss important topics like the upcoming issue, staff policy, and the location of that week's orgy.

The *Omen* is here to serve you. What better way to be heard than to have what you have to say printed 700 times and distributed over the entire campus... and beyond?





# SECTION SPEAK

## IF I HAD A DICK, MAYBE I'D BE COOL TOO

It seems as though once again my lack of a phallus has foiled my plans for world domination. Or at least my attempts at being taken seriously as a video student. Not to mention my ability to pull off practical jokes. But, if you think I'm about to just go off and blame every male on this campus you're wrong. I seem to be consistently discredited on camps by both male and female.

In video classes I'm often taken less seriously by my male peers. And maybe if it was just because girls are just seen as not as "technologically" adept as boys, I might be able to live with the disparity. But it's not. Because I don't have a dick, my ideas just aren't as good and I'm just not worth the waste of VHS tape. I took one class called "Going Live: Producing TV for Public Access", which was mostly guys.

As a class we had to produce three live programs for Intran and we got to vote on whose ideas we'd shoot. My idea for a live cooking show starring Donna Reed and Adolf Hitler didn't go over too well. But when another show fell through, mine was chosen to replace it. The professor loved the idea, because it was 99% live and improvised. But the guys seemed to have a problem with it. No one would work on it. Even though I had worked on their shows, and the whole point of the class was to work as a team, I couldn't get a crew. And to add insult to injury the night of the show the cameramen that I did manage to get ducked out, leaving me high and dry. The

show did go on. But even though Mark Hugo and Fayett Fox gave a stellar performance as Adolf and Donna, the production values of the show suffered.

In another class I made a piece about bestiality. It compared comedic references to women and dogs in mainstream movies like *There's Something About Mary* with clips of actual porn. While this piece was received well at the end of the semester screening, some people had problems with it in class. Which is fine, you don't have to agree with me or what I make. But at one point during the critique it became about my gender and not about the piece. I was accused of adding to the filth that objectifies women, and that I should "know" better. Because I after all, I am a chick.

And recently I had yet another rude awakening when a group of friends and I appeared on Omen TV. We pulled a practical joke at the end (thinking what the hell. close the show with a bang) in which we took band leader Gabe McKee hostage and demanded that the hosts perform the next show in drag for the sake of creating "diversity". Well, even though the Omen TV staff were relatively good sports about it (thanks guys), other people weren't. One person called the show and bitched them out for "making fun" of women's issues. Hello. No, the guys didn't come up with that little slice of wackiness, us girls did. Apparently, I missed the memo about having to own a cock in order to

BY ALYSSA DZAUICS

MORE ON PAGE 7

News, Commentary,  
Announcements,  
Propaganda,  
Editorials.

## ET TU, PATRIARCHAL ELITISTS?

BY JEFFREY PATENOSTRO

I really don't quite understand the point of Friends and Family weekend, other than the obvious continued delusion of the tuition bill payers and prospective students. We are already going here, what's up with the sell job? And if we are smart, we have already warned our younger siblings about Hampshire. And it's not like we are even trying to give an accurate depiction of life here on an average weekend.

Now I'm sure in the Hampshire spirit, some brave souls will manage to throw a party despite this place being plastered with responsible, financially independent adults. And if we wanted to truly give them a taste of life here, we might even bring the parental unit along to the kegger. I'm pretty sure I can drink my father under the table, and it would be a nice bonding moment. But just because the reality of the school may not be actually represented, it doesn't mean the mentality isn't. My parents come up Saturday, and I can take them to either Peggy Shaw's one-woman piece *You're Just Like your Father or Corpus Christi* at UMSS.

So, do we go for the lesbian performance art or the play about the gay Christ? Decisions, decisions. Now don't get me wrong, I think Peggy Shaw is a brilliant actress, and MacNally is tolerable when he doesn't use the ideological sledgehammer of doom like he did in *Corpus Christi*. Why can't we get some nice Gilbert and Sullivan performed around here? Does everything have to be so avant-garde? I won't even get into Christopher Durang, the patron saint of Hampshire theater majors. Woohoo! Absurd symbol-

ism, how bohemian, how bourgeois! Frankly, I'm not much for the intellectual masturbation session that his plays entail, but that seems to be the Hampshire mentality. If Christopher Durang and Ani Difranco had a kid, he would go to Hampshire. He would also probably drink tea and participate in drum circles. What's wrong with a little high comedy? Oscar Wilde was gay, that counts for a lot around here. I could even live with Ibsen; he was a feminist. I don't hate avant-garde works; I just think for the most part they are incredibly shortsighted and stupid.

Then again, we are trying to provide a glimpse into the Hampshire mentality.

There was a minor riot at Berkley this week, complete with book burning and race-baiting. A speaker there was lecturing on why Mumia Abu Jamal was guilty of the murder of Philadelphia police officer Daniel Faulkner. The 'liberal' community did not welcome him. Free speech is a one-way street, I

guess. I can no longer consider myself a liberal as of this week. I'm tired of the elitism and arrogance that I see in the ranks. Maybe he is guilty, maybe he isn't. We are trying to be like our parents, to find a new Vietnam, except we are becoming what they hated. How ironic, right? How profound. I wonder how many of them even know the name of the cop that was shot. I wonder how many care. Now I don't pretend to know a lot about

the case, but I know a tragedy when I see it.

The sad part is, if that man gave a speech here, I doubt we would act much better. The right to free speech is no bar to knee-jerk, jack-booted liberalism. And I don't think a bunch of rich, white college students can claim victimhood.

The political spectrum is a circle. If you go far enough left, you eventually end up right.

*Let us celebrate the poet who shot at his wife but missed once, twice, three times.*

*Thank God he was a better poet than a marksman.*

*Thank God for his poems: bitter, rude, profane*

*Thank God for his poems: racist, sexist, pornographic*

*Thank God for his poems: lovely, lovely, lovely.*

*Thank God he wrote love poems to his son*

*even as he beat the boy bloody in corners.*

Sherman Alexie  
"Open Books"

IF CHRISTOPHER  
DURANG AND ANI  
DIFRANCO HAD A KID,  
HE WOULD GO TO  
HAMPSHIRE.

For those of you that don't know, Sherman Alexie is the greatest writer on the face of the planet. I don't think he'd approve of a

book burning under the guise of activism. I wonder if that is a community norm they only talk about behind closed doors.

Until next time, I'll be drinking Southern Comfort and reading Bukowski.





# DESPERATE WITH STANDARDS

BY DORIAN GITTLEMAN

**W**e, the first year ladies, are desperate. Actually, it's not just first years and it's not just ladies, but the majority of the very frustrated mob is built up of these women. Okay, get this. Lately, I've found myself surrounded by these crazy horny women! How could this be? Don't we go to Hampshire? Aren't we supposed to be the crazy orgy school? Where are all these orgies that reportedly occur? How did I not get informed?! Wait. Let me explain further our dilemma.

We are desperate. We need to fulfill our biological mission to get laid. But at the same time, we are not so desperate that we have totally lost all our standards. I do know guys that dig on sex seriously. (Hold on. I know no guys that don't.) Yeah, guys are horny. Duh. But we, the ladies, won't have sex with all of them. Can you really blame us? If they're more desperate than we are, that's just pathetic, so we can't do them. Then again, if they're not as desperate as we are, they won't do us. You see why this is a dilemma. It's

**WE ARE  
DESPERATE. WE  
NEED TO FULFILL  
OUR BIOLOGICAL  
MISSION AND GET  
LAID.**

Practically clinical. Maybe an epidemic. We're trying to seek help. But we want hands-on, full-body contact help. Not the kitchen implement kinda help. You can't tell me there isn't help out there! Where are the heterosexual not-taken men hiding!?! Hello! Wake-up call! There are women out there!

Your computer cannot be as interesting as sex! I hope. If it is... umm... I don't know. Check your pulse and get back to me.

Of course, not all of us are at the

same point of desperation. I'm only bitching and whining because I haven't come up with a clear course of action beyond writing this article. Yet. A dear friend, whose name I won't mention because she can kick my ass into oblivion, is much farther along than I am. She has made repeated threats to stalk down the boy of her choice, tie him up, and "have her way with him." Actually, she used much less gentle words, but I don't want to offend your virgin ears. If there are any virgin ears out there. Speaking of which.

Are there any virgins out there? Are there? Oh sure, I know of a few first years just waiting for the right time, but as for the rest... Are there any left? Any at all? And if so, why? No, I'm serious. I really want to know. And not just because I'm a crazy horny first year who can't imagine going much longer without it. I'm actually writing a paper on the subject, currently titled "America's Teen Virgin." Come on, it's an issue. Look at Hampshire's campus. We have condoms in our bathrooms. We're

so sexually active we don't know what to do with ourselves. So why are some girls choosing to "stay pure"? Why do most girls feel the need to have sex? You can't tell me it's JUST biology.

So anyway, yeah, I really want to know. If you have any opinions on why teenage women are choosing not to have sex, please feel free to send me an e-mail. [Mauvelip@aol.com](mailto:Mauvelip@aol.com). Or you can just wish me a very belated happy birthday, because mine was on the

fourth and I don't think enough people knew about it. Which brings me to my next issue, completely off topic, that I feel the need to rant about. (This is the OMEN right?)

I had my first away-from-home birthday recently. Do you know how embarrassing it is to have to go around and tell people it's your birthday!?! No, I'm not cool enough to have people come and wish me happy birthday, I have to mention it first! It was a strange revelation that I could just pretend it didn't happen. Or I could pick a totally new birthday for myself. Along with a name, age, and sexual preference. How sweet is that? But having nobody know it's your birthday sucks. Take it from me.

But back to sex, because that's the only thing Hampshire students are good at talking about anyway. Oh, I forgot pot. We're good at pot. But sex. Talking about sex is better and I get bored on the subject less quickly. On the other hand, actual participation in the act is ever so much better than simply discussing it. In fact, having to talk about it due to the fact that some of us are not getting any is really rather sad. Dammit. Why!?! Oh the tragedy! The agony! Oh more words that end in "ee" that have to do with really despicable situations! Please, I make this plea to all heterosexual men with no chains attached. Go! Find a woman! Ask her out, declare your passion, whatever the fuck it is that men do these days! Remember "Say Anything," the movie which once brought meaning to my life. Follow the path of Lloyd Dobler! You know you want to. Because you know WE want to. Don't be a guy, be a man! Or a guy actually, I don't really care. Just be there!



# SELLEVISED

BY JUSTIN THILPOT

**W**hen I started school back in the fall of '97 the world experienced what could only be called a collective moral hiccup. Caught somewhere between the collective gasp of surprise at the death of Princess Diana and then the noble silence of Mother Theresa's the media choked on its own air. Stunned, it lashed out desperately to regain some kind of composure.

Certainly there was a difference between the two. Yes, but what was in common? They both worked to better mankind.

That's it. Now we can fit them both into the same seven-minute spot.

For almost a week Princess Diana was mourned globally, or so we were told. I don't think that many people in the impoverished nations of the world gave a good goddamn. They probably didn't even know, being too poor to own televisions or buy food. The impoverished of India knew of Mother Theresa. I wonder if those Indians old enough to remember that

country's fight for independence, or even those with a healthy sense of history cared much that a British monarch died. Again, maybe they didn't even know.

Meanwhile back in the land of freedom and democracy (gained through an armed struggle against that very same colonial power), vigils were held. Central Park in New York City was crowded with thousands that had nothing to do with the British monarchy, never met any of them, didn't even help protect them in World War II. There was nothing like that in honor of Mother Theresa. Not quite the same thing, really. A noble, noble life lived: where is the comparison? The world celebrated the life of a woman who never worked a day in her life. Mother Theresa died with two habits, a pair of sandals, reading glasses and an alarm clock.

The media took one, and maybe God took the other. Maybe it was the other way around. Maybe it was the same.

So the most eligible bachelor ever to marry a woman nobody

ever heard of kills his wife and his sister in law by plowing into the ocean off of Martha's Vineyard. Ocean, tunnel, media, fog - It all can blur together after a while. American royalty: A bootlegger, a drunk, two dead sons with one dead dream and little boy saluting someone a son should never be asked to salute, his father. Thousands gathering in front of a business office, a library, an apartment, a family's compound. Do they know why they mourn? Do they mourn at all, or is it the reflex of a media with an epileptic nervous system? Spasm for pain, spasm for death, spasm for celebrity. Stop it all quickly before it bites its own tongue off. I wonder if, after the media forgets it and tells us all to go happily to our beds, anyone will be able to tell me the name of the sister in law. One half of a pair of twins on her way to a wedding. Forgotten before she was even remembered. To remind you: her name was Bissette. I don't know what Mother Theresa's first name was either.



## IF I HAD A DICK...

## continuations

FROM PAGE 4

create political statements. For a while now I've been thinking of doing a piece on abuse. I was in an abusive relationship for three years, so I feel well versed on the subject. But everytime I start a storyboard I get upset. Not because I have to remember having my face repeatedly bashed into the ground until my forehead bled. But because I don't want to be defined by those moments. I don't want to be labeled a "victim". How many of

you simply after reading this printed confession of my past history with violence, will now treat me differently? I find it upsetting that people can mindlessly judge my creative work based not on its content, but solely on my past relationships, and feel okay about it.

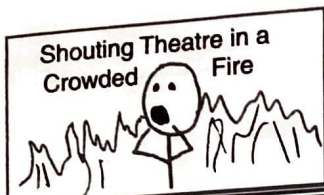
What does this disjointed list of past slights amount to? Probably not much, since it's written in a whirlwind of rage. But in summary it amounts to

this. I'm angry that because I don't have a dick my ideas are regularly disregarded. I'm angry that I can't "get away" with saying the same things a guy can. And I'm upset because the important thing about my work is never the work itself, but that it was made by someone with two X-chromosomes. Which, quite frankly, is bigger bullshit than however bad you might think this article is.





# SCOUTMASTER GOOMBA



BY GWYNNE WATKINS

Last month, the Collegian, a most reliable source of news and comic strips, presented a stunning accusation against Amherst: that it was an anti-male environment. Well today, I prove them wrong. I send this column out to the young men of Hampshire. Consider me your official Omen Boy Scout leader. Ready, all together:

"Announcements, announcements, announcements, announcements...."

There ya go. Just for that, you're officially promoted to Webelo.

Okay, time to show you around. Before anything else, you'll have to earn your Div I Badge, which is no easy task. How can I put this in terms you'll understand...? Ah. If your Hampshire Education is like a game of Super Mario Brothers II, then Div I is the goombas. They look pretty harmless — like mushrooms, even — but they'll kill you if you forget about them for just a second. So the best thing to do is jump on them, get a good grip, and throw them the hell out of your way. By the way, I would recommend you choose Princess for this particular round, since she has that convenient floating jump that allows you to procrastinate just a tad longer before kicking the sucker's ass.

If I knew a universal code to bypass all this, I'd tell you.

But I've been here for 3 years, and up-up-down-down-left-right-left-right-b-a-select-start hasn't worked for me yet.

Then there's that whole social life thing. Condoms in the bathroom got you ready to explode? Are you being rejected by women in towels because of petty "hall booty" rules? In that case, it's time to turn that frown upside down and paint those blue balls red! 'Cuz now you've got...

The Hampshire Boy Scout Manual to Getting Laid!

## Year at Hampshire Method of Seduction

1<sup>st</sup> Yr. Chicks: Read your poetry. Play your mandolin. Talk about how, like, war is pointless and religion is actually, you know, universal, because after all, in the end it's all about love.

2<sup>nd</sup> Yr. Chicks: Hide your poetry. Talk about how confused you are, how you're "questioning things", how ironic life is, and mention that you're seeking some kind of stability in your life, although you're libel to pick up and go any second.

3<sup>rd</sup> Yr. Chicks: Go up to the hot older chick. Say the following line: "I've never seen you before, and I know you're way out of my league, but you look like you need a man for one night to pleasure you in every way humanly possible.

I'd like to offer to be that man." Make it convincing. (Report to Mod 26 if you need to practice beforehand)

4<sup>th</sup> Yr. Chicks: Let it accidentally leak out that you have a spacious loft in New York City and a brother with a lucrative position in publishing or film, and you think he may be hiring...

Not Applicable: Hot Female Professors Who Aren't Married and/or Gay

If you need more guidance on this topic, refer to the notorious Chapter 12 of The Making of a College, entitled "A Sensitive Guy's Guide to Acting Like a Jerk So Women will Sleep with You."

If you've followed those instructions, you've earned your Trojan Badge. Time to learn how to make the most of the campus's fun-but-limited resources.

Community Bikes — If you're jonesing for a bike ride, seek out the one with the crappy yellow paint job; or, if you're color blind, the one with a missing pedal and malfunctioning brakes. When you finish using said bike, don't stick a lock on it, hide it in the woods, or stash it in your room, because this makes you an asshole.

The Sauna — It is your duty as a Hampshire man to use the sauna at least twice a semester. This way, the college

MORE ON PAGE 23

# MULTIPLE STUPID REQUIREMENTS

J'accuse!



BY GABRIEL MCKEE

Multiple Cultural Perspectives. It sounds pretty good, doesn't it? We all want to embrace other cultures to enrich ourselves as human beings. Say it out loud to yourself a few times. "Multiple Cultural Perspectives." Notice that warm feeling in your chest? Feels good, doesn't it? That's what having Multiple Cultural Perspectives can do for you.

As most of you probably know, the Division II "Third World Expectation" has been done away with. And good riddance—it was a ridiculous chunk of tokenism in an otherwise solid educational system, with an insulting name to boot. And on May 16<sup>th</sup> of this year, Hampshire's faculty approved its replacement: the Multiple Cultural Perspectives requirement.

"Why do you care about that, Gabe? Aren't you a fourth-year? Won't you be Div III by the time this article sees print?"

Yes, my hapless reader. But I care about this wonderful institution, its students, and its future. And so I'm going to tell you why the Multiple Cultural Perspectives Requirement is a big load of horseshit.

The original idea of the Third World Expectation was noble, if poorly-executed: to make sure that students, in the course of their studies, would question their world-views, and realize that there were other ways of viewing items of inquiries than their (presumably) Western ones. The Third World Expectation didn't do that. And so it was thrown out. Hurrah.

But will the new policy really be any better? Let's have a look at what actually constitutes having "Multiple Cultural Perspectives." Well, according to the "Academic Field Guide for First-Year Students, 2000-2001" (which is supposed to be available online, but the damned PDF file doesn't work, so I had to run around in the rain trying to find a copy) says that students can fulfill it in one of three ways: by studying Non-Western Perspectives, Race in the United States, or Knowledge and Power. Now, I really have no problem with my friends the first-years being required to do any of these things, though the whole "Knowledge and Power" thing requires being way too postmodern than I'd be willing to be (ask me sometime about how Foucault is a dumbass). But lumping the three together and calling it a requirement simply creates a category so broad as to be completely meaningless. Add to this the fact that the second two of these items could be rephrased as "take an SS class," and you've got the beginnings of a conundrum.

Now, I said before that the goal of the Third World Expectation was to get students to question their assumptions. And, presumably, that's supposed to be what this new requirement does as well. But does it? It seems to me that it would be brutally easy to fulfill this requirement without questioning anything about yourself, your beliefs, or the multiplicity of your Cultural Perspectives. I may be going out on a limb here,

but it seems that most students at Hampshire are a bit, well, left-wing. And a great number of them are interested in the social sciences. What assumptions will the Multiple Cultural Perspectives requirement lead these students to question?

Many students here have cement-solid political and academic beliefs, and this requirement, by virtue of its breath and vagueness, makes it very simple to do nothing but reinforce those beliefs. Take your average postmodern social constructivist social science student. What is she going to do to fulfill this requirement? Probably take a class on "knowledge and power" she was going to take anyway, and come out of it without thinking about whether or not social constructivism is a bit over-simple. She'll apply her newfound understanding of knowledge and power to either non-Western perspectives or race, just as it says on p. 40 of the Academic Field Guide. But will our pomo student really learn anything, or will she just be rearranging the prejudices and assumptions she brought into the class? The Multiple Cultural Perspectives requirement requires students not to engage with material in a new way, but in a specific way—and thus it must fail. It was a nice try, Hampshire, but you need something better.

PS. I'd like to apologize for being serious again. I promise I'll be funny next issue. I just need to write about hot dogs and penises and Eazy-E again or something.





# Section ZOLE

## THE PLAYSTATION 2 CAN BITE MY ASS

This semester I enrolled in my very first off-campus class, Japanese I at Amherst College. I decided to take Japanese because although I enjoy languages, the ones I have studied (French, Latin) have been way too similar to English. I decided I needed something more foreign, so European languages were out; and Esperanto and Klingon probably aren't worth my time. So I decided to go with Japanese. Lots of anime fans have tried to learn Japanese (not that I'm an anime fan), much like fans of rock music often learn to play the guitar. The difference there being that learning to play guitar is easy as shit and it's easier to tell when you make a mistake. Former Japanese students made it clear to me: if you're an English speaker, Japanese is hard.

A quick rundown of scary facts about Japanese: written Japanese consists of three writing systems, Hiragana, Katakana, and Kanji. Hiragana and Katakana each have 46 characters which represent syllables; however, Kanji characters are much more complex, and they represent concepts or ideas, so to be even moderately fluent you have to be able to read around 2000 of them; there are something like 20,000 Kanji total. Perhaps scariest of all, it is pretty much impossible to translate Japanese into English. Most Japanese words don't

have a direct equivalent in English, so you're not translating so much as you're approximating. Why are Japanese and English so different? I blame the fucking Pacific Ocean.

To make matters worse, Hampshire has no language program as such. Sure, you can learn some Spanish, some Yiddish, and some Ridiculously Contrived American Slang (such as "to sketch", as in "That guy with the sideburns sketches me out"), but for Japanese I'd need to go off campus. I decided to take Japanese at Amherst, mostly because it was close and easier to hitchhike to if I miss the bus. Also, I had been informed by other Hampshire students that Amherst Professor Tawa is "dope". That's all the convincing I need, really.

Unfortunately this meant I actually had to go to Amherst. I mean, I'd been there before, but only to the bus stop, and the Alumni Gym for last year's They Might Be Giants show that I forgot to mention last week. When showing up for Japanese, I noticed some chilling facts:

1. Amherst has hills
2. Amherst has buildings built before 1970
3. Amherst has an actual quad, surrounded by said buildings, that consists of grass (watered by some sort of grass-watering machine)
4. The hills at Amherst have staircases, made of stone and/or wood, to facilitate ascension

And it's not just that Amherst has hills. We've got hills too. But the Amherst hills are purposeful and obstinate, as if they were raised from the ground by God (and when I say God, I mean Amherst's massive endowment).

To further intimidate me, Amherst student (and certified Hot Chick) Katie Buechner showed me around her dorm, which was just upstairs from the dining hall, and featured a keypad entry system — definitely a step up from waiting outside Dakin until somebody wanders in or out. The whole building was given the cushy treatment: the lobby had a small lounge complete with a TV, coffee table, a nice couch, and a hardwood floor. A finished hardwood floor — talk about Benjamins.

In fact, it hit me that Amherst looks like pretty much every college I toured but didn't apply to. While Hampshire isn't exactly ugly by my standards, I probably could have been accepted to a much prettier school. I'll bet this is part of the reason everyone here ends up as a Bitter Older Student. But cheer up: it's fall, that magical time of year when all of Hampshire's promotional photographs are taken. We may live to see the day when a Hampshire grad gets a lucrative job and decides to donate some mad bank to his/her alma mater. Then we can finally have hills. That's right: hills.



## TOKEN LATINA'S WHIRLWIND LOVE AFFAIRS

BY LAURA TORRES

One thing I absolutely marvel at here is the lack of attention I receive for having a vagina. I can walk down the street without having a group of older males whistle or call me *nena*. I can board a bus and have the price be the same every single time, and not fluctuate because the bus driver liked my skirt that day. Perhaps I sound a tad bit full of myself here. I mean here I am saying that my presence has literally stopped traffic so some guy can stop his car and claim we had sex last night or offer to fuck me and my friends up the ass.

But honestly I can say that all these things and more have been happening to me since I was seventeen and living in South America. And most of these men have been much, much older. Despite the annoyance this phenomena creates, I have retained a sense of humor about the whole sexual harassment thing. And I am going to tell you my all-time favorite dirty old men story (if you want to be really cool you can learn the Spanish slang for dirty old men: *hombres verdes*). Yay! Sexual harassment can be fun and entertaining!

Once again, I take you back to Costa Rica, only this time I am at the beach, unwisely wearing a blue bikini. I was forced to. I happen to believe that my friends and I are some of the very few people in the world who actually swim in the ocean. I have to take a break from my story to advocate the wonder it is to

swim absolutely nekkid in the ocean. It is fabulous, liberating and after this summer I will never be able to swim in a suit again. So anyway we got out of the water (with our suits on) and an old man who must have been at least sixty years old approaches me with a bottle of suntan lotion dangling from his hand. He gives me this teasing lewd look and asks if I need him to apply any on my back. Eww was the only thought carousing through my mind. I said, "No thanks," and kept on moving. I found the situation to be pathetic yet I didn't let it get me down. It was the stuff that happened afterwards that really made me contemplate the messages I might be sending out.

That evening I went dancing with my friends. We were actually pretty casual looking compared to the rest of the sexy latina looking crew. As the night wore on I got inevitably tired and went to sit with my best friend at the bar. While we were talking a man about 45 years old approached me and asked if I wanted to dance. I looked to my friend for

advice. He wasn't horribly older than me and at least he wasn't being lewd. More importantly there was always the possibility of him buying me a drink. She gave me the "go for it look—he might buy you a drink" look, and the "hey it isn't like he's sixty" look. I trusted

her so I accepted. Big mistake. While we were dancing we were "caught" by his WIFE! She was very, very upset. I was somewhat embarrassed. Apparently she was waiting for him with the kids at their bungalow and she was mad as hell because he had this affair previous and had promised her no more fooling around. So obviously it just looked bad to have her find me, a barely 20 year old girl, dancing with him at a club at 2 in the morning. Jesus. Needless to say her shouts attracted more attention than I wanted and I didn't get my drink. As I hustled off with my friends to go rant about this new misadventure some other dude who was probably about 50 with big gold chains and greasy hair drunkenly starts going for my ass! Grrr.

It depresses me to think that I seem to have this uncanny ability to attract sleazy old men. However, I will admit that I have worked this to my

advantage. When I go to South America I know exactly what to wear to get lower bus fares. And I know exactly what to say to get discounts at the open markets. I got a discount on my tattoo because I am a woman. It was easy to get into clubs. And hell I think it makes it easier in every country to hitchhike. So here is my message of the day: Use sleazy men to your advantage and don't dance with married men.



**EWV WAS THE ONLY THOUGHT CAROUSING THROUGH MY MIND.**





## ARE YOU A FUCKER?

BY KARL MOORE

abhor quizzes. They're vapid filler for any self-respecting publication. But the *Omen* doesn't respect itself, nor does it respect any of you. Plus I'm out of ideas again.

Are you a fucker? Take this quiz. (A=1, B=2, C=3, D=4)

1. You've just finished a bottle of tasty alcoholic beverage, you underage little shit. What do you do with the bottle?
  - A. Carry it with you until you find a n appropriate recycling bin.
  - B. Chuck it into the nearest trash can.
  - C. Leave it on a bench, stairwell, etc. making a neat piece of installation art.
  - D. Smash it on the ground, 'cause it makes a noise!
2. A Mod hangs something that you consider offensive, say the flag of the country in which we live, outside its door. What do you do?
  - A. Pass by, thinking what you will.
  - B. Hang a sign saying "this offends me" on said flag.
  - C. Attempt to engage the mod's occupants in a cultural sensitivity discussion
  - D. Rip the thing down, because your parents don't pay \$33,000 for you to put up with this shit!
3. Someone expresses less-than-total enthusiasm for the music of Ani DiFranco. You:
  - A. Accept it. Hey, different strokes, different folks.
  - B. Make them listen to her earlier stuff, 'cause maybe they got into her circa *Little Plastic Castle*.
  - C. Wonder how they could have remained silent about it all this time and didn't even tell you.
  - D. Burn the infidel!
4. Today's Saga repast isn't quite as good as yesterday's. What'cha do?
  - A. Shrug, and pile on the salt/pepper/Tabasco.
  - B. Pick at it, the order some pizza later.
  - C. Attempt to cook something yourself, setting off the fire alarm.
  - D. Complain to your friends loudly, over and over again. Daddy isn't paying \$33,000 a year for mac n' cheese!
5. A passerby remarks that something is "gay." You:
  - A. Keep walking. Not your conversation, not your business.
  - B. Keep walking, wondering for a bit if they meant it, but reverting back to choice A.
  - C. Make a judgement based on the person's appearance to decide if they meant it or not.
  - D. Accost the scum for their oppressive banter!

Key:

0-5: You're not a fucker. Come over to my mod and we'll hang out sometime.  
 6-10: Faint flickers of fuckery dart through your mind. Read more, and they should go away with no problem.  
 11-15: You've got a thick slice of fuckery in your soul sandwich- but you can reach within and cast it away.  
 16-25: A bona-fide fucker. Stay the hell away from me or die.

## HAMPSHIRE DRINKING GAME

BY ZAK KAUFFMAN

This campus is plagued by unorganized alcoholism. I'm tired of sitting back and watching my classmates destroy themselves, so with this article I'm going to try to change things. I present the Hampshire Drinking Game!

Unlike most drinking games, this is not to be contained to social gatherings. The Hampshire drinking game requires a 24-hours a day, 7 days a week commitment. It won't be easy, but I promise that once you're done you'll be transformed from a lazy, stupid drunk to a motivated, highly organized alcoholic.

To play, you'll need a flask or bottle of liquor that you can carry around with you at all times. You will take a swig whenever you hear or witness extremely common or rare Hampshire cliches. For example, if you hear a Div3 student complain that they have to finish their Div1 projects, take a swig. It is encouraged that players create their own rule system, but to get you started the following is a loose structure for your growth as an alcoholic.

If you hear the following phrases used in conversation, take the appropriate swig:

-Paradigm	-1/2 a swig
-Eco feminist	-A hearty swig
-Sustainability	-1/2 a swig
-Hegemony	-1/2 a swig
-Homogeneous	-1/2 a swig
-Pansexual	-Switch to Tequila

You witness one of the followings events:

-Drumming circle	-Full swig
-Issue of the Forward is released	-Drink yourself into a coma
-A student with dread locks and thrift store clothes gets out of a \$40,000 car.	-Hearty swig
-Someone rings the Div 3 bell at 4 in the morning.	-Full swig (take a second swig if you need help getting back to sleep).
-An issue of the Omen that goes out of its way to be "edgy"	-Half a swig
-A protest against Hampshire receiving money	-Half a swig
-Div 1, 2, or 3 announced containing the words 'identity, third world, rape, awareness, or multi-media'.	-Half a swig

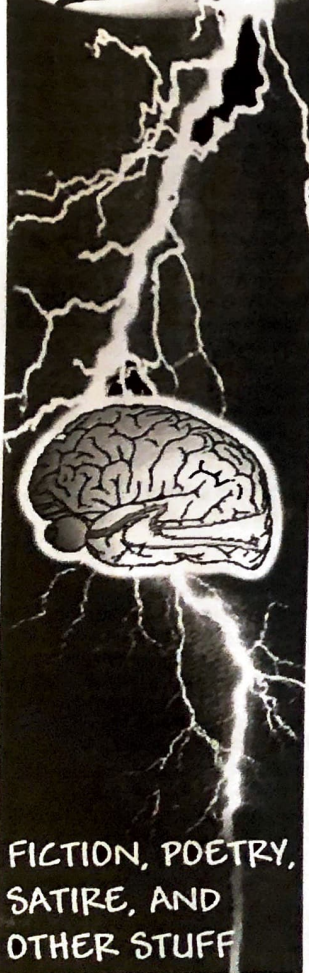
In class swigs:

-Religion student interrupts class to share their personal philosophy on life.	-Empty the bottle with a hearty swig and break the bottle over student's head.
-CS student spends all of their time playing Quake3 in the ASH lab instead of doing work	-Half a swig
-SS student interrupts class to speak against the American military-industrial complex.	-Half a swig
-HACU student pointlessly associates the word gender with their focus.	-Half a swig
-NS student tortures animals in Cole Basement	-Half a swig
-IA theatre production sucks monkey ass	-Half a swig





# SECTION LIES



FICTION, POETRY,  
SATIRE, AND  
OTHER STUFF

## SHOES, SHOES...

I have this little habit I feel the need to share with all of you. Some of you might have the same habit, and some might scoff. It's to those of you who scoff to which I am writing this. When I see people the first thing I notice is their shoes. I'm not looking for a certain kind of shoe, nor do I judge a person by the brand or price, I merely notice and remember. You can tell a lot about a person by the shoes that they wear, from the condition they're in, if they're scuffed, the color, the size, the age. Not only does it pass the time, but occasionally it's interesting and at times amusing. Watching the shoes is a very important thing to do.

Don't believe me?

Case in point:

They met in the bathroom. It was coed; I suppose I should say that because this is a story about shoes, not gender. On that otherwise normal day these two random people just happened to pick the same stall. It was his fault really; he forgot to lock the door. She ran in the bathroom, and not thinking swung the door of his stall open. Looking up she saw him standing there in front of her.

Laughing and mumbling she muttered, "Oh my god I'm so sorry." "Uh huh." Was all he could manage.

She tried again, "Umm, I like your pants. They're really green."

There was a pause as they both tried to assess the situation, what to do next? She trying to avert her gaze; of course she should have been looking at the feet and he staring blankly at the wall. Around she turned as fast as she could into the next stall, plopped down onto the toilet seat burying his head in her hands. The toilet

next to her flushed and had she been looking she would have seen his black converse with the slight tear on the right side of the right shoe and a small star drawn on the left toe work their way out of the stall next to her, pausing for a moment before darting from the bathroom.

She hadn't seen his face or shoes, and evidently he hadn't seen hers, so when they showed up at the same party a couple days later neither had any idea that they had met before. After going through the initial formalities of introduction their conversation dragged on as they covered every aspect of small talk imaginable. They talked about the weather, the current sports news, the upcoming election, his childhood, her childhood, their parents, and the funny thing that had happened to him a few weeks before when he had broken his neighbors' car window with a plastic coca-cola bottle. She was finding herself more and more attracted to his smile, the way he held his drink, and he really liked her ass. She was picturing the steamy encounters they'd have on moonlit beaches, the champagne they'd share in front of roaring fires, and he was staring at her breasts. Needless to say they really hit it off, that is until she decided to tell him a funny story.

"So I really had to pee, and I ran up the stairs and into the bathroom. I wasn't paying attention, and it turned out that this idiot had left his stall door unlocked. So, in I went. We just stood there, I guess I froze, I guess we both froze. How stupid can you be? He didn't do anything, he just stood there, and then when I went to the other stall he raced out of the bathroom, you'd

BY SHIRA ROSENHART

MORE ON NEXT PAGE

## KILL WHITEY

**ZAK ZAK**  
The Omeh Mahiad

BY ZAK KAUFMAN

People often people ask me Zak, what's it like being an 18-35 year old white middle-class heterosexual North American male, the most sought after advertising demographic? To know that the society around you is constantly shaping itself in an attempt to suit your likes and dislikes? To know that your slightest whim, be it a desire for more TV shows starring Sinbad or a new brand of cool ranch flavored potato chips, is being taken into account by legions of marketing executives. To be assured that regardless of your skill, qualifications, or value as a human being you will be given preferential treatment when applying for a job, a college, or the last slice of pizza? After giving it much thought I've come to an answer to this question. It feels good.

Just the other day I was walking through Amherst with some of my highly influential

Anglo-Saxon friends. Looking at my Rolex I realized that I had to get back to my \$30,000 a year college in time to make it to a course that had technically been full but in which the teacher had made space for me. The course started in 20 minutes and I was at least 15 minutes away and without my chauffeured car. For most people this would be a problem but not for me. I simply raised my hand, index finger extended, and a taxi swerved across 3 lanes of traffic to meet me. I was still about 10 minutes late to class but my teacher cut me some slack.

It's this sort of accommodation that makes it so much fun to be a young white American male. I just can't recommend enough how enjoyable it is to walk into a crowded restaurant and be seated immediately. Or what a comfort it is to know that if I ever need an organ transplant, a rare blood transfusion, or just

a good haircut, I'll be put on the top of the list as soon as I apply. Or how nice it is to rest assured that once I'm convicted of my crimes the judge, jury, and lawyers will all give me preferential treatment.

Right this second there are thousands of marketing executives scrambling to try to serve up entertainment designed specifically for me. There are cops just waiting to give me preferential treatment. There are businesses preparing for me to graduate so that they can give me high paying jobs over my more qualified competitors. All because of my arbitrary social status. For those who haven't experienced it, you should definitely try it sometime. You'll love it.

Now I don't want to hear people saying that I'm a racist. None of this is to say that I think I'm better than anybody else. I just enjoy being treated like it.



## SHOES. SHOES...

## continuations

FROM PREVIOUS PAGE

of thought there were lions on his tail or something. And worst of all he didn't even wash his hands."

His eyes darted for an escape route. Nervously he bent over to tie his black converse, the ones with a slight tear on the right side of the right shoe, and a small star drawn on the left toe. He stood, considered his options and in a second was gone.

And that was a minor case.

I decided not to tell the story about the murder that happened in my town last summer. A man

was kidnapped, blindfolded and held for ransom a total of forty-one days. He was fed and taken care of though the blindfold was never removed. The kidnapper's ransom wasn't met and he was dragged to the edge of a 20 foot cliff where, after being dangled upside down the blindfold was removed and he was flung from the edge. The victim survived and when questioned by police about his assailant, all he could say was, "Yeah, I saw the guy's shoes, I don't remember what

they looked like though." A month later the kidnapper was caught, he was wearing one of a kind collector's edition neon yellow Doc Martens. The same Doc Martens whose footprints had been found at the cliff. Because the victim couldn't remember a thing, even those unforgettable shoes, the assailant was found not guilty, and went on his merry way.

The moral: Noticing a person's shoes can change your life!





# VICIOUS RUMORS



## THIS MONTH AT HAMPSHIRE

BY J. WILDER KONSCHAK

**Community Bike Gang Terrorizes Campus:** A group of ruffians have taken to using the Yellow Community Bikes for terrorizing the campus at large. In response, thoughtful community-minded citizens have begun beating the hell out of every Yellow Bike they can find. Help the campus! BEAT THE HELL OUT OF A YELLOW BIKE. DO IT TODAY. Jeers.

**Hampshire Funded by Evil Corporations Headed by Satan:** It is rumored that Hampshire College is funded by Evil Corporations Headed by Satan. Satan is the lord of all evil in the universe and the bane of all good. All who commit evil in this life will burn in the fiery lake for all eternity. Going to Hampshire now officially counts. Cheers.


**Open Season On Men:** Gwynne Watkins, of Greenwich Mod 26D, has declared open season on men. "If you shoot them," Gwynne reports, "I will mount them." For a striking photo of Gwynne, look up "Watkins" at <http://frogbook.hampshire.edu>. Gwynne is a wonderful person with a really great personality. Really. Great. Slightly on the Jeers side.

**Idiots Make Movies Too:** Miramax Pictures looking for screenplay to be directed by you in Hollywood, film will be produced by Matt Damon. Essentially, they have a lot of money and are looking for somewhere to throw it away. "Project Greenlight," it is called. Look it up at "<http://www.projectgreenlight.com>" Cheers.

**Dominos, Cantones, other Pizzarias Disappointed by Increasing Sales:** "There's nothing that I hate more than having to make a hunk of pizzas," quotes local businessman, who is getting "fed up" with all the delivery calls pizzarias have been receiving from hungry college campuses. "Our delivery staff is overworked, and really tired of doing their job. Don't be surprised if they're rude, if they forget your soda, if they ask you to meet them halfway out on route 116. You've just gone too far. You have a Dining Commons! Use it. Oh. And we HATE credit cards." Jeers.

**Forward TV Cancelled:** Much awaited Forward Television has been pulled from INTRAN (Channel 7) indefinitely after the show's Producer, Herbert Lang, was implicated in an Internet Child Pornography Ring called, "HERBY'S ILLEGAL LITTLE KID PORN PLAYPEN." It was found when Community Council representatives did a "standardized porn check" and entered the words "HERBY'S ILLEGAL LITTLE KID PORN PLAYPEN." Cheers.

**Vegetarians Still Like Foods that Tastes Like Meat:** It is rumored that many vegetarians, while being bitchy and rude to those of us who still eat meat (you and me), will still go out of their way to find "Meat Flavored Soy" with idiotic names like Tofurky and Vegetarian Chicken Nuggets. This is dumb. It should stop. Jeers.

**First Year Students Afraid of "Mod Beings":** It is rumored that many of the class of Fall 2000 are desperately in need of sex, but there is nothing they can do about it. When suggested that they go out to the mods, where it is theorized that equally single older students, happy to flirt with the swinging first-years, first years respond, "Mods are scary. Mod Beings live there. They have pets." 

## MAN'S PENIS LEAVES HIM FOR ANOTHER MAN

BY JUSTIN (I WRITE WEE ARTICLES) PHILPOT

A local man sued his penis for breach of contract yesterday, after his penis left him for another man.

Justin Philpot filed suit in Salem District Court suing the penis for breach of contract, and asking the court to grant an injunction that would prevent the penis from participating in any act, natural or otherwise, until a settlement could be reached.

Mr. Philpot awoke on the morning of September 23 to find that his penis had left him. According to Philpot, in a brief note left at bedside, the penis

explained that if felt that "life has just become so boring with you." The penis went on to express its desire to lead a more "exciting" life.

In a press conference held on the steps of Salem courthouse late yesterday afternoon, the penis elaborated on those points.

"I'm a young, healthy penis with my whole life ahead of me. There is just so much I want to do...and the situation no longer met my needs." The penis went on to add, "Mr. Philpot and myself no longer see eye-to-eye."

When asked to comment after the press conference, Mr. Philpot replied, "It's my fucking penis! It just can't fucking leave! What the hell?!"

The penis has no plans as of yet, and is waiting for the court to make its decision before moving on. "I hope to find a nice transvestite, or maybe an unfortunate victim of a farm equipment accident." Mr. Philpot incredulously answered, "A farmer? What the fuck happens on a farm?"

Mr. Philpot's scrotum was unavailable for comment.



## MY OMEN SUBMISSION

BY JAIME BETH RAYBEN

This is cool. Whatever I say you print. Neeto. I draw smiley faces on poo so it is happy when it reaches its next life. Hee hee lots of people read that. Much amusement is had by me.

Ok, here's the point. I read all the student publications, and the *Omen* staff writers keep trashing the *Forward* in their articles. But never once have I read any explanation as to what they don't like about it any more specific than "it is a waste of paper."

Personally I think the *Omen* is cool for printing whatever anyone writes, but overall I find that it has recently been mostly fluff, overdoing inside jokes between the

*Omen* staff that nobody else would get, and its "real" articles are typically a lot bitchier and take much longer to get to the point than the *Forward*'s do. The *Omen* is usually a fun read, but I don't think it's as funny as it used to be. Or maybe its the Mad magazine syndrome, where you always think it used to be funny. But all will be well when there is a really kickass issue that totally redeems everyone involved for that goddamn naked chick poster obscenity bitchfest, which, although perhaps there was injustice involved, got more annoying to be exposed to than Monica Lewinsky. Perhaps that was the wrong word

to use as I now have a mental image of Monica Lewinsky exposing herself. Hm. Now she's doing it again. You know, as much as she sucks, (heh) she, physically, is way underrated. She's a lot hotter than, say, Jennifer Aniston. What's up with that chick? She used to be cute before she tried to mold herself into Gwyneth. Now she's scary. My article is almost over. I now wait to be trashed by all. I love you Thomas!

The end.

(P.S. Yes, this is also a satire of a typical *Omen* article. Don't kill me, I'm funny!)







## APPLICATION FOR EMPLOYMENT

Starbucks Coffee Company is an equal opportunity employer, dedicated to a policy of non-discrimination in employment on any basis including race, age, religion, national origin, the presence of mental, physical, or sensory disability, sexual orientation, or any other basis prohibited by federal, state, or provincial law.

Please complete entire application to ensure processing.

**PERSONAL INFORMATION** (Please print)

Name: BOYLE SHAWN "FILM CRITIC FOR HIRE" Social Security/Social Insurance Number: \_\_\_\_\_ Date (M/D/Y): \_\_\_\_\_

Other names you are known by: JOEY PETE Are you less than 18 years of age? Yes ☐ No ☒ (Starbucks is required to comply with federal, state or provincial law.)

U.S. Citizens Only: Are you legally eligible for employment in the U.S.? Yes ☐ No ☒ Have you been convicted of a felony in the last 7 years? Yes ☐ No ☒ If Yes, list convictions that are a matter of public record. A conviction will not necessarily disqualify you for employment.

Present Address: A WINEBAR ON BLOCKS City: A WINEBAR State/Province: IT'S WIKI Postal Code: \_\_\_\_\_

Permanent Address: ONLY BIGGER City: THE WINEBAR State/Province: IS THE WINEBAR Postal Code: A CAMPER

Phone Number: \_\_\_\_\_ Referred By: RV'S

**EMPLOYMENT DESIRED** (If you are applying for a retail hourly position, please keep in mind that hours may vary.)

Position: LATTE TECHNICIAN Location/Department: \_\_\_\_\_ Salary Desired: \_\_\_\_\_ You Can Start: \_\_\_\_\_

Specify hours available for each day of the week:

Day	Hours Available
Sunday	<u>DAY OF THE WEEK</u>
Monday	<u>JUST ASKING</u>
Tuesday	<u>STUFF TO DO</u>
Wednesday	<u>12 PM TO 2 PM</u>
Thursday	<u>1 PM TO 3 PM</u>
Friday	<u>WEEKEND</u>
Saturday	<u>WEEKEND</u>

Are you able to work overtime? Yes ☒ No ☐ AS THE HOURS AREN'T AFTER MY REGULAR HOURS

Have you ever worked for Starbucks Coffee Company? No ☒ If yes, when? \_\_\_\_\_ Which store/department? \_\_\_\_\_

**EDUCATION**

Name and Address of School	Circle Years Completed	Did You Graduate?	Subjects Studied and Degrees Received
High School: <u>HOME SCHOoled</u>	1 2 3 4	<input checked="" type="radio"/>	<u>HOME EC</u>
College: <u>MIT (MANGOLIAN INSTITUTE OF TECHNOLOGY)</u>	1 2 3 4	<input checked="" type="radio"/>	<u>FROM KING 4 YES IN A ROW</u>
Post College: <u>ITT CORRESPONDENCE (SALLY STRUTHERS-DEAN) SCHOOLS</u>	1 2 3 4	<input checked="" type="radio"/>	<u>COMPUTER/ GUN REPAIR</u>
Trade, Business, or Correspondence School	1 2 3 4	<input checked="" type="radio"/>	<u>Y N</u>

List skills relevant to the position applied for: GOOD LOOKING ETC.

**SKILLS** For Office Administrative positions only: Typing WPM: 5+ 10-Key: HUH?

Computer Proficiency: ☐ Word for Windows ☐ Excel ☒ Others: SOLITAIRE FOR WINDOWS 3.1

Have you ever visited a Starbucks Coffee location? Where? Describe your experience: I ORDERED A LATTE WITH CACAO AND LIGHT CREAM. THE GUY SAID IT COULDN'T BE MADE AND SAID I DIDN'T HAVE ANY MONEY SO I DIDN'T GET THE LATTE. IT WAS A GOOD THOUGH.

What do you like about coffee? CAUSE COFFEE IS SERVED HOT AND IF YOU SPELL IT ON YOURSELF THEN YOU CAN SAVE FOR BIG BUCKS.

Why would you like to work for Starbucks Coffee Company? FREE COFFEE AND EVENTUALLY TO BECOME CHIEF LATTE TECHNICIAN, BUT MAINLY FOR FREE COFFEE.

Describe a specific situation where you have provided excellent customer service in your most recent position. Why was this effective? I PARKED MY WINEBAR IN A SMALL NEIGHBOURHOOD AND THERE WERE THOUGHT I WAS AN ICE CREAM TRUCK SO I CALLED THE COPS AND HAD THEM ARRESTED.

SKJH 146896

## SORE RECTUMS

Optimism. Not a word you hear too often in this crazy, mixed up world. So much shit happens to so many people, it's a wonder we don't just blow off our heads and be done with the whole disaster that's called The Universe. Why the hell do we keep bothering to go on when we get sodomized with a rubber hose at every turn?

What the fuck is the point when things turn out so unbelievably shitty every time you try to do something that

you wonder if perhaps you killed someone in a former life and The Universe is paying you back in spades in this one? These are the thoughts that run around like lab rats in the maze of my mind when I get fucked up the goat ass, as I did almost constantly this semester.

I must have been Attila the Hun.

Well at any rate, bitching and moaning is not my major goal of this article. (Even though rants are so much fun.) The point is, believe it or not, that despite the fact that my life can occasionally jump up and clamp its fangs into my left butt cheek as it does WAAAAY more than necessary, The Universe is beautiful.

This may be the Libra in me rearing its scaly little head (haha, couldn't resist that one), but there is a satisfying balance as to how often you get hosed and how often something really kick ass happens to you. So it's

beautiful in a really twisted way, but still beautiful. I just came back from a little known country called Iceland, where the sheep's milk flows like wine and everyone looks like something out of a Cosmopolitan ad, and I can honestly say I have seen few things that compare to waking up to the orange sunrise and poking your head out of your tent to see the entire landscape covered in white frost, or stomping across the largest glacier in Europe as the Atlantic Sea stretches out behind you.

It puts things in perspective. My various sagas and traumas don't amount to much when I'm faced with an ice cube the size of Rhode Island that's been sitting there for about 10 millennium or so. True, these various sagas and traumas can't be avoided, but after seeing something like that

it's hard to justify sitting in my room and pouting about what He Said or She Said or Didn't Say At All when the sky is so blue it makes my eyes hurt and the trees are donning their fall wardrobe, better than any Gucci fashion show.

So yes, things can suck, but it all seems to be a little bit better when faced with such incredible natural beauty. And yes, my ass is

mighty sore at the moment, but I think The Universe just handed me an industrial-sized tube of Preparation-H.



SECTION  
SWEET

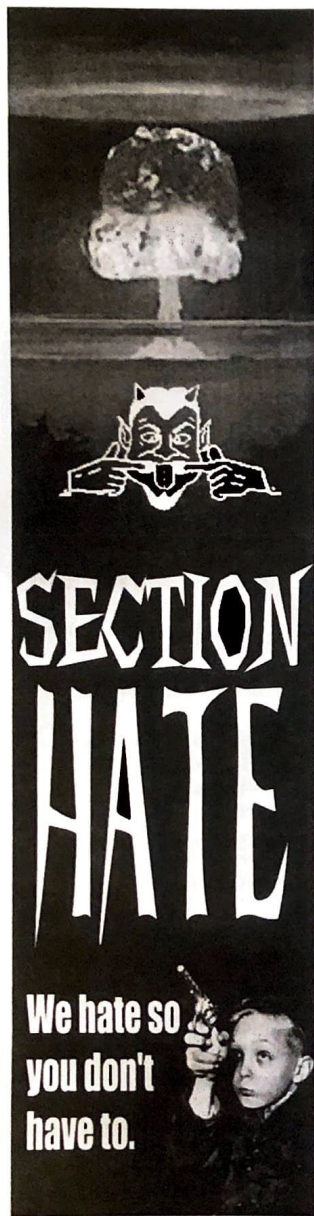
### PURPLE MONKEY DINOSAUR

Purple monkey  
Purple monkey dinosaur  
Purple monkey dinosaur is attacking me in the night  
Have you ever been attacked by a purple monkey dinosaur?  
I wouldn't recommend it.  
If you have never been attacked by a purple monkey dinosaur,  
You have no cause for complaints  
Chances are that you haven't been attacked by a purple monkey dinosaur,  
So don't send complaints into the Omen!

BY LEAH BURDICK

BY CHUCK BOWARD





# MOTHERFUCK WHAT YA HEARD!

BY BRADY BURROUGHS

Hey there, children. Greetings from beyond the bubble. For the new folk, I thought an introduction might be nice, but it has come to my attention that my two most notorious submissions have been republished, so I won't bother. Yes, I'm the guy (or one of several actually). But yes, I'm the guy who felt it necessary to bombard Hampshire College with stomach churning porn descriptions and insidiously bad English — just to see what would happen!! Let me just clarify some stuff in case you are too stupid to figure this out on your own: I am not racist. Nor am I sexist (or homophobic while we're at it). These are facts. If you don't believe me for whatever idiotic and/or politically constructed reasons you have, fine, I don't give a fuck what you think of me — just don't expect me to answer for it.

Now for something that is (unfortunately) long overdue: a full description about what "Cum on Eileen" was "about." I'm sure there's a few of you out there who are saying "we don't care what it's about, we just know you're evil" or something to that effect. Well, I've read some pretty severe lies and assumptions about me in email, and I've heard reports of people demanding retribution (for what? my SINS?), and making all kinds of ill-informed judgments about me based on the "article." So I feel this is necessary. OK, are you ready for this? The "article" means nothing. It is not "about" ANYthing. Except for calling it a (near) randomly assembled bunch of movie descriptions, everything that's been said about it empirically is basically wrong

or entirely in the reader's mind.

Now the big question, why? I could have book-ended the "article" with heaps of postmodern rhetoric, and I guarantee that some of the same people who were calling for my blood would've thought I was making a brilliant comment about race and culture and trans-whatever-the-fuck, but I didn't. Because I wanted to see how the Hampshire community would respond to a herculean pile of nothing and how it would be interpreted if I didn't give any information about it. It was an experiment. An experiment about people's perceptions and how their own prejudices and problems will dominate any attempt to read into something in which the "answer" is not provided (and in this case doesn't exist). To sum up my findings: PEOPLE SEE WHAT THEY WANT, and confusion breeds anger.

I've done other experiments like this in my classes. They don't all involve pornography. In fact most of them don't. Most of them involve questionable political leanings — give people a bunch of signifiers and see what sort of conclusions are made, and by whom. I don't do this to make myself feel better, like I'm so above everyone. But by looking at the way other people react to stuff like this and seeing the possible routes of their decision making, it gives me a better understanding of how people are, and subsequently helps me with my own thought process, and makes me think about and question my own ideas. I don't think I'm doing the world a huge favor by this sort of activity, but it's something I find interesting. Hopefully, by sharing this, people will

think back a little and get off their moral/sociological high horse and maybe think a little harder why they got so upset with me.

That's something I thought was interesting. Most people got angry with ME — which basically shows they were being sloppy. There is no opinion presented by me (or by anyone for that matter) in the document. I get the feeling that some people read the article, didn't know what to make of it, saw my name at the top, recognized it as one of a white male and made their judgments based on THAT. I could be wrong. I'm not psychic. That's just sort of how it seemed to me, because most of the problem seemed to be, not that the "article" was made or published (although that was a problem mentioned by some), but that it was done by the Earth's natural predator, the Dreaded White Male.

It seemed like (at least with some of the e-mails that I read) that some people assumed that because I am a white male, that I MUST be making a racist comment or being racially insensitive or something like that. The person who threatened me with violence in my room actually said (and I quote) "if you weren't white, this would be different." (He might deny it, but I wouldn't make up something like that.) That was why I made the comment in the "free speech" follow up about my friend who was Asian and female coming up with the idea for the "article" — now that you know it wasn't "the white man's" idea, IS IT DIFFERENT?! No, because now I'm just horrible whitey, wallowing in my tokenism. ARRRGGHHH!!

Now, was I a little hasty with throwing my garbage into everyone's face? Maybe. Was I not being as sensitive as I could have? Perhaps. Maybe I could've edited it to be racially ambiguous (now that I think about it, that IS what I should've done but, hindsight's 20/20). At the

time though, I didn't want to edit it. I wanted it to bear as small a fingerprint from me as possible. All I wanted to be responsible for was handing it in. Ideally it shouldn't have even had my name on it, but The Omen requires such things and I felt up to taking the responsibility.

As for the whole "you don't know the wider social context" nonsense, how do you know? Maybe I do know (and I do), and felt it was not relevant to what I was doing. I went out with the most liberal person ever for two years — you better believe I heard about social context, and the culture of racism, and everything like that. Believe me, I'm well aware of what's going on. However, all that stuff is just construct. It is theory and opinion. I know what's going on in my head, and I know that I am not racist. I KNOW for a fact that my "article" lacked any opinion, or position. Therefore, ANY comment or interpretation on the article is based entirely in the reader's mind. I'm not saying anyone's opinion about the article is wrong. I'm not going to say you can't have your opinion — just be aware that you may be wrong so don't hold ME at fault for YOUR opinion.

My problem was the fact that some people were applying their interpretations about the "article" to me, and seemingly expecting me to answer for it. I don't think so, buddy. Yes, I realize some people were hurt by my "article," but I can't take it back. I've thought long and hard about all the various ramifications of this whole thing. I've thought about all the viewpoints and opinions and tried to empathize with all of

them. There's nothing left for me to do. Do you want to give me a spanking? I know some people might like me thrown out of school, but if it was YOU on the other end of a misunderstanding, you'd be crying injustice (regardless of race), and I KNOW no one wants to be a hypocrite...

So there it is. Now you know. Now stop spreading crap about me! I have friends. This is a small campus. I may not be on campus this semester but believe me, that stuff gets back to me. To those who think that I should be intimidated off campus or think it's amusing to note how I was afraid to leave my hall without a friend, fuck you! You are not helping the problem of racism on campus or anywhere when you take that mentality. You are more "the problem" than I ever will be. I don't care what kind of good deed you think you're doing. I don't claim to be part of any solution (except in trying to treat individuals with respect when I interact with the outside world), but I know

I'm not part of the problem.

Everyone has their weapons against what they don't agree with. Mine are irony and gallows humor — and I'm not the only one. Maybe this whole thing will just get me in more trouble. I thought my first response would smooth everything out, but it just seemed to make things worse. At least I'll know I tried this time. I tried to explain my position, and get some understanding going. I feel like there's more I need to say to better explain myself, but I think I've rambled on long enough. Thank you.



**I'VE DONE OTHER EXPERIMENTS LIKE THIS IN MY CLASSES. THEY DON'T ALL INVOLVE PORNOGRAPHY. IN FACT MOST OF THEM DONT.**



# HALLOWEEN HORRORSCOPES (GET IT?)

**A**res: While those guys are setting up for Halloween, they'll mistake you for the bouncy castle and fill you with air. UMass students will jump on you all night and not until you are deflated in the morning will they know that you were not the bouncy castle You fat fuck.

**V**irgo: You will take 300 pounds of peyote. You will mistake an electrical socket for a fine piece of ass (like the Hampshire pigs). While making love to it, you will, as you can probably guess, be electrified because you were not properly grounded. In the future, wear rubber boots when fucking light sockets, you insensitive prick.

**C**ancer: You will get crabs. They will be a mutant species of crabs that climb up to your head and enter your cranial cavity through your nose. There, they will slowly devour your brain, pooping and laying eggs in your brain over a course of 17 years. That's what you get for sleeping someone from Amherst. You will die happy. You lucky bastard.

**C**apricorn: The giant monster Capricus invades your city. Luckily, Gamera intervenes to save the day, just as the Friend of All Children always does. Unfortunately, you are stepped on in the fight. You fat fuck.

**P**isces: Amateur professional wrestling looks like fun, so you will decide on the spot to include yourself in a VWC match. Your character will be "the stupid shit from the audience who decides to include himself in the match." You will be promptly chokeslammed to death by everyone. Shithead.

**A**quarius: You will trip over your gay-ass costume. You watched "Zorro, the Gay Blade" one too many times, and thought it might be a good idea for Halloween. You are wrong, and now you are falling down 40 flights of stairs. Hindsight is 20/20. Ya blind sonofabitch.

**S**agittarius: While reading Harry Potter, you will suffer a paper cut. Underestimating the grievousness of the wound, you will continue reading, enthralled by J.K. Rowling's magical words. Then, you will attempt to consume a goblet of fire. The resulting burns will kill you. You're dead now, dumbass.

**S**corpio: While vacationing in Iraq, you will starve to death thanks to the harsh embargoes imposed by the U.S. Your last thoughts will be of a dry, moldy crust of bread, just an inch within reach. Tie a yellow ribbon, you emaciated fuck.

**L**ibra: You will board a spaceship with an experimental faster-than-light

travel device. This device will take you to Hell. You will learn that Hell is only a word. The reality is much, much worse. You will rip your eyes out of your head while your crew devours itself in an orgy of destruction around you. Liberate Tute Me, you Latin-speaking motherfucker.

**L**eo: While trick-or-treating, you will receive a chocolate-covered grenade. You will not follow the advice your first-grade teacher gave, and will eat this without letting your parents examine it. You'll think it's just a crunchy caramel pineapple. You will give explosive diarrhea a new name. You dead, foo'.

**T**aurus: I'm gonna defenestrate yo' ass. Cause I likes you not. I seen you, lookin' at me like that, all flippant an shit, and I ain't takin' that shit no mo'. You so weak I flip you two times, like a flapjack. I'm lookin' for a meal, but you just a snack.

**G**emini: Drug bust! Drug bust! You are in the room while someone is doing PCP, and that cute girl in the corner dressed as Pippi Longstocking is actually a narc. When the cops kick in the door, you're at the ready with your gat. But Lieutenant Jones is a wee bit faster than you, and he drops you to the flo' with his shiny fo'-fo'. You fail to represent. You whack.



## FROM THE EDITOR

## continuations

FROM PAGE 3

realize that the only way to fix things like the Council and the Forward are to join them and make change? Why don't people see that only by complaining are they worsening the situation and only making other people not even want to be a part of such a thing?"

"Are you making fun of my editorial in last week's *Omen*?"

"No, not at all." Silence. "I just thought that you could have been a bit more constructive in your arguments. Whose side are you on anyway?"

For once, I sat back and thought about it. Who was I fighting for?

"You bring up a good point first year."

"Thanks."

"Now you can go to Hell."

"Wha—"

"No, shut your mouth. If you think that I wasn't trying to help solve this problem, then you really don't understand what I'm saying. Why do you think I tape Community Council meetings every two weeks? Huh? WHY?? Why do you think I attempt to make INTRAN a station for the campus to enjoy? Why do you think I write these funny little editorials that tell the truth like it is, how it is, all the time, day or night, in my face, in your hair, wipe your butt, GET OUT OF MY FACE!!"

"Dude ... you're psycho." And Arnold promptly left my sight. I continued to sit in Saga for a few more minutes, recollecting my first year. In the beginning, Hampshire seemed perfect. It was a place where dreams could come true. But as a third year, I'm find-

ing that Hampshire wasn't all it was cracked up to be. In fact, I knew that if I didn't try to change something now, I would have to transfer, because it was getting out of hand.

This reminded me of the time that the campus store closed early, even though the hours clearly said that it would be open until ten o'clock PM. How is anyone supposed to get 16 mm black and white film on campus if the campus store is closed?

And yet a better question: How can anyone be trusted when even the campus store isn't open during the times that it says it will be?

Yowsers. I may have just scared away Hampshire's only first year hope.



## SCOUTMASTER GOOMBA

## continuations

FROM PAGE 8

will have no shortage of Naked Guys in the Corner, and it is well-known that the Naked Guy in the Corner is responsible for the temperature equilibrium of the entire sauna. The last time there was a Naked Guy shortage, the RCC called in Phys Plant, who had to do the job themselves. Needless to say, it was not pretty.

All-Community Meetings – You will not want to go to these. You will forget about the next one, and then the day will roll around and you'll sleep through it. This is stupid of you. All-Community Meetings are your chance to grab a faction of like-minded

friends and speak out against injustice and stupidity in the Hampshire community. If you don't see injustice and stupidity in the Hampshire community, you're not paying attention.

The Advising Office – Also known as the Office of People Who are Paid to Understand This Place. If you're confused, go straight over your advisor's head and talk to these people. Plus, when you visit, Stana will give you candy.

The Omen – Do you know how many other campuses have a publication that prints every single piece of trash that's submitted? NONE. So

if you're not going to submit (which you should) and tell your friends to submit (which they should), at least READ the damn thing.

But enough preaching to the choir. Do this and earn your Greenhouse Badge, named in honor of the fact that the Smith greenhouse has a bigger endowment than this entire fucking school.

So Webelos, that's three badges under your belt. Next time, we'll work on the Free Tibet Badge, the Getting-into-a-Photo-Class Badge, and the Transferring-to-a-State-School Badge. In the meantime, I have a Grease Car Derby to attend.





# DEATH TO THE EXTREMIST VII

✱ by M. Zole ✧

[www.zole.org](http://www.zole.org)

LOTS OF AXES,  
FALLING FROM  
THE SKY

EXCUSE ME?

1

2

NEVER MIND,  
GO AHEAD.

1

2

\*ahem\*

1

2

I SING A SONG

1

2

I SING IT LOUD

1

2

I SING IT LONG

1

2

I SING IT PROUD

1

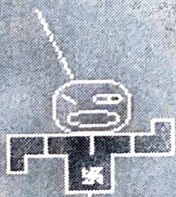
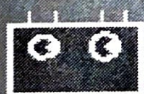
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I DON'T THINK  
VERY HIGHLY  
OF YOUR SONG.

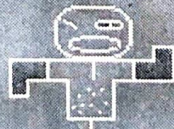
1

2

What are you gonna  
be for Halloween?



TRUUUUUUUUUSTIII



Cool, I'll get the  
papier-mâché.



Screamin' Steven

By Karl Moore